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Doctor Monsey.

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LIFE AND ECCENTRICITIES

OF THE LATE

46405

DR. MONSEY, F.R.S.

PHYSICIAN TO THE ROYAL HOSPITAL
AT CHELSEA.



With Curious Anecdotes

OF

PERSONS OF RANK AND CONSEQUENCE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. HUGHES, STATIONERS'-COURT,
By J. D. Dewick, Aldersgate-street.

1804.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author of the following sketch deems it necessary to make some apology for the want of a systematic arrangement: but, as several of the anecdotes were collected from the doctor's recital at different periods, during an intimacy with him of upwards of twenty years, and committed to writing on slips of paper, without any view of laying them before the public in their present form, he trusts he shall be readily excused. Indeed, since the work went to press, he has laid his hands on some further MSS. which he shall beg leave here to insert:

The doctor lived so long in his office of physician at Chelsea-hospital, that, during many changes in administration, the reversion of the place had been promised to several of the medical friends of the different paymasters of the forces. The doctor, one

day looking out of his window, and seeing a gentleman examining the house and gardens, who he knew had just got a reversion of the place, came out to him, and thus accosted him : “ Well, sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that *are to be*, and I assure you they are both very pleasant and very convenient ; but I must tell you *one* circumstance, you are the *fifth* man that has got the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all ; and what is more (said the doctor, looking very archly at him), there is something in your face that tells me I shall bury you too.”

The event justified the doctor’s predictions, as the gentleman very soon after died ; and, what was still more extraordinary, at the time of Dr. Monsey’s death, there was no person that had the promise of the reversion.

The following anecdotes of Dean Swift, which the doctor (who was an enthusiastic admirer of Swift) used frequently to relate, are inserted, as (the editor believes) they have not yet been publicly known :

The celebrated Dr. Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, gave a public dinner to all the first noblemen and gentlemen in Dublin.

Knowing the dean's punctuality, they assembled to the minute ; a servant announced the dinner ; the dean lead the way to the dining-room ; to each chair was a servant, a bottle of wine, a roll, and plate turned upside down.

On taking his seat, the dean desired the guests to arrange themselves according to their own ideas of precedence, and fall to : the company were astonished to find the table without a dish, or any provisions.

The Lord Chancellor said, " Mr. Dean, we do not see the joke."

" Then I will shew it you," answered the dean, turning up his plate, under which was a half-crown, and a bill of fare from a neighbouring tavern. " Here, sir (to his servant), bring me a plate of goose." The company caught the idea, and each man sent his plate and half-a-crown.

Covers with every thing that the appetites

of the moment dictated soon appeared. The novelty, the peculiarity of the manner, and unexpected circumstances, altogether excited the plaudits of the noble guests, who declared themselves particularly gratified by the dean's entertainment.

“ Well,” said the dean, “ gentlemen, if you have dined, I will order the *dessert*.” A large roll of pasteboard, with the particulars of a superb dinner, was produced; the whole expence, dressing, &c. The dean requested the accountant-general to deduct the half-crowns from the amount, observing, “ That, as his noble guests were pleased to express their satisfaction with the dinner, he begged their advice and assistance in disposing of the *fragments and crumbs* (as he termed the balance, mentioned by the accountant-general), viz. two hundred and fifty pounds, and placed his purse on the table. The company said, that no person was capable of instructing the dean in things of that nature. After the circulation of the finest wines, the most judicious remarks on charity and its abuse were

introduced, and it was agreed, that the proper objects of liberal relief were well-educated families, that from affluence, or the expectation of it, were reduced through misfortune to silent despair. The dean divided the sum by the number of his guests, and addressed them according to their respective private characters, which no man perhaps knew so well. “ You, my lords (speaking to several young noblemen), I wish to introduce to some *new acquaintance*, that will, at least, make their acknowledgment for your favours with *sincerity*. You, my reverend lords (on his left hand), adhere so closely to the *spirit* of the scriptures, that your *left hands* are *literally* ignorant of the beneficence of your *right*. You, my Lord of Kildare (and two other noble lords), I will not entrust with any part of this money, as you have been long in the *usurious* habits of *lending* your own on such occasions ; but your assistance, my Lord of Kerry (turning to the opposite side of the table), I much intreat, as *Charity covereth a multitude of sins*.”

The doctor had some knowledge of an old woman, known by the name of Margaret Stiles, and who was very much addicted to intoxication, against which the doctor repeatedly admonished her, whenever they met, but, as he perceived, altogether without affecting any visible reformation, notwithstanding her seeming penitence and promises of amendment. One day, as the dean was taking his evening walk, he saw Margaret in her usual state of inebriety, sitting by the foot-path on a bundle of sticks, which she had tumbled down with. The dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her, "Where she thought of going to?" (meaning after death).—"I'll tell you, sir (replied Margaret), if you will help me up with my wood," which, after he had done, "Well, Margaret (demanded he), now tell me?"—"Where do I think of going to?" (repeated Margaret, staggering and staring), why, where there is the best liquor, to be sure, doctor."

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The Marriage Promise,
John Bull,
The Tale of Terror.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. HUGHES, STATIONERS'-COURT.

THIS little volume now laid before the public, under the title of 'The Linnet,' the Editor trusts does not require any eulogium from his pen: but as it is usual to make some observations (even on so small a work as the present) he will briefly say, that, observing the multiplicity of song-books which are continually making their appearance, slovenly got up,—unportable in their size,—injurious in their selection,—and containing a very small number of those excellent effusions of the British Muse, which each season are produced, he resolved annually to present the public with a collection free from all those objections; and, when it is considered that the purchaser has one hundred and eleven songs, neatly printed, tastefully bound, embellished with a beautiful engraving, and every way calculated for a pocket-companion to public amusement or private company, for the sum of one shilling, containing all the popular songs sung at the theatres and other places of public amusement, he flatters himself the superior merit of this little vocal production will be sufficiently obvious. However, any hints for the improvement of the future volumes will be thankfully received.

By Rev. Dr. G. C. Bee

THE

LIFE OF DR. MONSEY.

MESSENGER MONSEY was born in the year 1693, at a remote village in the county of Norfolk, of which his father was rector; but at the revolution, by declining the oaths, he forfeited his preferment. He was more fortunate than the generality of the nonjuring clergy, as he had some resource in a paternal estate, which is still in the family, and preserved him from those difficulties which too many at that time encountered, who sacrificed temporal interest to a steady adherence to their principles.

The subject of these memoirs received a good classical education, which his father chiefly superintended himself. He was then

removed to St. Mary Hall, Cambridge, and, after five years spent at the university, studied physic some time under Sir Benjamin Wrench, at Norwich, from which place he went and settled as a physician at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk.

He here experienced the common fate of country physicians, being obliged to submit to constant fatigue, long journies, and the inconveniences of an inadequate income. The writer of this sketch has heard him confess, that, with the utmost exertion of unwearied application, his receipts never exceeded three hundred pounds a year; by efforts, which, in an easy chariot, and in the streets of London, secured Dr. Warren nearly twenty times that income.

With a rusty wig, dirty boots, and leather breeches, he might here have degenerated into the humdrum country doctor, with the common-place questions learned by rote, the tongue, the pulse, and the guinea; and had it not been for a fortunate accident, his merits might have been confined to a provincial

newspaper, and his fame to a country church-yard.

Lord Godolphin, the son of Queen Anne's lord treasurer, was seized with an apoplectic complaint, on his journey to his seat near Newmarket: the nearest medical help was at Bury, and Dr. Monsey, either by the assistance of nature or his own skill, was so successful as to save Lord Godolphin's life, and secure his warmest gratitude.

A sick room, and a banishment from polished society, held out a dreary prospect, and pain was aggravated by the fear of solitude: under these circumstances, his lordship was happy to meet with relief, and to find it accompanied with frankness, cheerfulness, literary talents, and convivial wit.

Lord Godolphin was single, not very young, nor much addicted to company or dissipation. He felt, that by attaching himself to worth so superior to the situation in which he found it, he should obtain a rational companion for his leisure hours, and a medical friend, so desirable in the decline of life.

During the intervals of illness his regard for the doctor increased; and, after his lordship's recovery, his behaviour was so unassuming, and his patron's offers so liberal, that he immediately accompanied him to the metropolis.

Thus, by one of those turns of fortune, neglected by so many, but which are said to occur to all, from the narrow rural circle, from the justice of the peace, the curate, the lawyer, the apothecary, he was transported to the metropolis, the region of elegance, the fountain of politics, and the land of promise.

Here he was not doomed to struggle with the painful disappointment of hope deferred; for he was treated at Lord Godolphin's as friend and companion, and introduced to many of the first characters of the age. Among others, Sir Robert Walpole assiduously cultivated his acquaintance; and the late Earl of Chesterfield always acknowledged, with gratitude, the benefit he derived from his medical skill and assistance.

He thus trod the pleasantest part of life, the midway between leisure and fatigue, while friendship, polished society, and literary amusement, might be said to strew it with flowers.

He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, though his great age, for many years before his death, prevented his attendance at their meetings; and, on the death of Dr. Smart, physician to Chelsea hospital, he was appointed to succeed him.

Although Lord Godolphin readily embraced every opportunity to forward the interest of his friend Monsey (as he always used to call him), yet he could not persuade himself to lose his agreeable society, which he was frequently heard to declare, was the solace and comfort of his life. He, therefore, on Dr. Monsey's appointment to Chelsea, procured leave for him still to reside in town, on condition of visiting the hospital as occasion required.

He was at one time in habit of the closest intimacy with the late David Garrick, whose

fascinating powers of conversation and elegant manners, formed a striking contrast to Dr. Monsey's. The latter, during a long intercourse with the great and the gay, ever preserved a certain plainness of behaviour, which, to those who associated with him, was by no means displeasing.

He could never be persuaded to sacrifice sincerity at the shrine of adulation ; he spoke the truth ; and, which sometimes gave offence, the whole truth. This frequently afforded occasion to ignorance and malignity to cry him down as a cynic ; but his censure, though severe, was generally just, and his shafts were directed against vice, folly, and affectation.

This difference of manners between him and the manager produced a mutual, but not unfriendly, exchange of raillery : to raise a laugh at the doctor's expence, was the amusement of many a happy hour at Hampton.

Garrick told him one evening, after his return from performing at Drury-lane, that, wishing to see a favourite scene acted by a

performer at Covent-garden, then much in fashion, he had silyly slipped from his own stage, and trusted an under actor, known by the name of Dagger Marr,* for a few minutes to supply his place, which was only to stand silent and aloof; and that, having satisfied his curiosity, he returned time enough to resume his part. The doctor credulously swallowed the story, circulated it with a degree of serious wonder, and the town enjoyed the joke, and he was heartily laughed at for his pains.

Those who knew Mr. Garrick admired and loved him; but they knew, and universally confessed, that although he eagerly sought and enjoyed a joke at the expence of another, he was most seriously nettled if a laugh was raised at his own. Monsey frequently retorted with success. The little manager was sore, and, on a *particular* occasion, allowed himself a most unjustifiable asperity of reply,

* Not Jefferson, as Messrs. Este and Topham, who are very *correct*, relate it.

that called forth the latent spark of resentment in his friend.

The Bishop of Soder and Man (if I mistake not, Dr. Hildesly, who preceded Dr. Wilson), was saying that Garrick certainly meant to quit the stage : “ He never will do it,” said Monsey, “ as long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side, and pile on the other.”* This was industriously reported. The violence with which it was resented proved *that it was true*; and the long acquaintance was closed by an anonymous letter, sent by Garrick, containing the frequently quoted extract from Horace,

Absentem qui rodit amicum, &c. &c.

a sentiment which Roscius ought to have been the last man to quote, as the *eccentric oddities* of his friend, as he used to call them, afforded him at all times, and at all places, an inexhaustible fund of ridiculous anecdote.

* A proverbial expression in Norfolk.

Intimate friends are said to make the most inveterate enemies ; and Garrick, by his repeated and widely-diffused sarcasms, certainly embittered the enmity.

Mutual recriminations, produced by the interference of officious meddlers, who enjoyed their quarrel, passed between them to the very last.*

I had an imperfect sight of some unfinished stanzas, penned by the doctor, during the manager's illness, on which occasion several physicians had been called in ; but, as soon as Garrick died, which Monsey did not expect, they were instantly destroyed, and he could never be prevailed on to repeat them.

As they have not been published, I shall endeavour to recollect a part of them ; they prove how strongly

Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo.

* About this time appeared a severe pamphlet, entitled 'The Lamentation of Roscius for the loss of his Nyky,' supposed to be wrote by Dr. Monsey, and alluding to Garrick.

Seven wise physicians lately met

To save a wretched sinner :

Come, Tom, says Jack, pray let's be quick,
Or I shall lose my dinner.

The consultation then begins, and the case
of the patient is stated ; after which

Some roar'd for rhubarb, jalap some,

And some cried out for Dover,

Let's give him something, each one said,—

Why e'en let's give him—over.

This desperate counsel is, however, rejected
by one of the medical sages, who, after some
reflections on the life and habits of the pa-
tient, declares that he has great confidence in
chink ; adding,

Not dried up chinks, you ninnies ;

The chinking that I recommend,

Is the famous chink of guineas.

A humourous altercation now ensues to
determine by whom this auricular application
of the purse should be made. With a humi-

lity and politeness to *each other*, for which physicians are so remarkable, each declines the honour to the superior rank or years of his neighbour; but the poet shrewdly guesses, that this backwardness arose from the majority of them not chusing to exhibit the comfortless state of their pockets.

At last, a physician in vogue prides himself on his purse, replenished with guineas, which he had weighed, found *heavy*, and not *returned* to his patients as light; in the moment of exultation he exclaims,

I and my long tails seldom fail,
To earn a score a day.

After due solemnity he approaches the bedside; the curtain is withdrawn, and the glittering gold shaken at the sick man's ear.

Soon as the fav'rite sound he heard,
One faint effort he tried;
He op'd his eyes, he stretch'd his hand,
He made one grasp, and died!

Lord Bath in vain attempted to reconcile them. "I thank you," said Dr. Monsey, "but, why will your lordship trouble yourself with the squabbles of a merry andrew and a quack doctor?"

But the time was now fast approaching when he was to lose his friend, benefactor and patron, Lord Godolphin, who frequently by his recommendation, and often by his assistance, raised depressed merit, and relieved obscure indigence: a trait in his lordship's character, which a love of ease would have suppressed, had not Monsey frequently called it forth.

After a life spent more in domestic comfort than brilliancy, this nobleman died at an advanced age, bequeathing the doctor a very handsome legacy. His enjoyments were of the retired domestic kind, his game, backgammon, and his favourite book, Cibber's Apology for his own Life.

Dr. Monsey was now to retire from the courtly air of St. James's, where Lord Go.

dolphin's house was situated, and to quit the splendour, equipage, and retinue of a peer, together with a most agreeable circle of London friends, for a solitary apartment at Chelsea, his plate at the hall-table, his time-piece, and his old woman.*

It now became necessary for him to call forth the fruitful resources of his own mind, to fill up the tedious intervals of a life, which had hitherto been completely occupied by the interesting offices of friendship, by science, and by amusement.

. In this point, he, in a great measure, succeeded, without giving way to irrational excess, by correspondence, in which he peculiarly excelled, by his profession, mechanic books, whist, and backgammon.

The situation and change of circumstances undoubtedly required a wonderful exertion of temper, nor ought we to be surprised if it was injured in the painful effort.

* She afterwards married Mr. Marriot, coach-master, of Chelsea.

The strong features of genius, his sterling sense, and attic wit, were mellowed and improved ; but the gentle tints, the delicate colouring, the morbiderza of refined manners, produced by the attraction of elegant society, were found to be considerably impaired ; he possessed, in high perfection, the *fortiter in re*, but neglected or despised the *leviter in modo*.

Yet an instance occurred, 'after he had passed his eightieth year, in which he usefully reproved a friend, without gratifying his satirical talent. Every one acquainted with Monsey's character must know, that it was impossible for folly or affectation to pass in his company undiscovered, and very seldom unpunished.

A young popular clergyman, of a good heart and sound understanding, was addicted to a solemn, theatric mode of speaking, accompanied with mincing, finical gestures, characteristic of a perfect coxcomb. This foible did not escape the eye of his friend, who knew his worth, and was unwilling to

hurt his feelings. The doctor took an opportunity, when they were alone, to censure him, and agreed, whenever he saw the “*affectis dramatica*” (as he called it), coming on, as a signal, always to offer him his snuff-box, with two smart raps, to prevent his relapsing into such a ridiculous habit. The gentleman speaks of the doctor’s reproof to this day with gratitude.

A visible improvement in his deportment took place ; and Dr. Monsey was, very probably, instrumental in his procuring (what it is to be hoped he will long enjoy) preferment, and a wife with a good fortune.

When the doctor removed to Chelsea, he found there, in the capacity of surgeon, Mr. Ranby, a man of strong passions and inelegant manners. King George II. with whom he was a great favourite, had him appointed to Chelsea hospital ; and, from the humble capacity in which he is said to have served him, in another way, originated the old,

and oft-repeated saying, of "fat, fair, and forty."*

The interesting conversation which novelty of acquaintance often produces, at first produced something like intimacy between the physician and surgeon; but this was gradually converted into indifference, then coolness, and disgust, and, at last, on Ranby's side, into personal outrage.

Ever since the establishment of the hospital it has been the business of the physician to overlook the surgeon's bill, and, if he saw no reason to disapprove it, to sign his name, as a passport for it through the different offices.

A bill occurred which the doctor thought objectionable, and was said by many to have reasonable grounds for his objections: he refused his signature. This Ranby considered

* He was said to have the honour of occasionally introducing a goodnatured lady to the old king.

as a reproach on his moral character, and even as an insult. Mutual ill language took place, and the angry surgeon concluded by swearing he would be the death of his opponent, if he persisted in refusing to sign the account.

I believe, but am not certain, that Ranby on this occasion was obliged to give surety for keeping the peace. I well know that the doctor consulted the late Lord Chief Justice de Grey (afterwards Lord Walsingham) on the subject, and his lordship recommended peace to Monsey; "and, if Ranby repeats his violence, leave *me* to manage him," were his concluding words. The dread of a chief justice's warrant kept him quiet.

Lord Chesterfield told Dr. Monsey he had right on his side, but that Ranby's connexions and influence would carry him through it. His lordship was not mistaken: the board, to which Monsey referred the affair, dropped it, and the bill was paid.

This affair Ranby never forgave; and a few years after he died, from the effects of a vio-

lent fit of passion, occasioned by the late Sir John Fielding not *punishing* an hackney coachman, who happened to be the *injured* party.

In the dispute between Monsey and Ranby, concerning the bill, an instance of profusion in the disposal of the public money was, at least, disclosed.

At the hospital for decayed seamen, at Greenwich, more than twelve hundred persons were provided with advice, physic, and surgery, for less than 450*l.* a year: a trifling sum, however fully adequate to the purpose, when compared to the medical and surgical department at Chelsea.

In the latter hospital it was found, that government was at the enormous expence of more than 2,400*l.* a year; besides providing houses, furniture, a table, coals, and candles.

I cannot conceive why the writer of a novel, which is said to include some parts of Dr. Monsey's life, should aver for truth what I am confident is not so, viz. that Mr. Hingestone (who was one of the chaplains to

the college) never forgave the doctor for cautioning him against Ranby's design on his wife, when, to my knowledge, he had the highest regard for him, and chiefly on that account.

On this subject I shall submit the following facts to the judgment of the reader :

In the affair of Wilkes, or Glyn, and Luttrell's election at Brentford, for the county of Middlesex, a man or two being killed, and several people dangerously wounded, by Baulf and M'Quirk, two Irish chairmen, a jury of ministerial surgeons was summoned (being a most unheard of method in this country), to examine if the deceased lost his life by the blow on his head, which occasioned his brains to come out. Surgeon Ranby gave the casting vote, that the man did not die of the blow, although the coroner's jury brought it in wilful murder ; and, though it was well known by all the town that the man died of the blow, the prisoners were discharged, without being brought to trial.

Ranby had, a short time before, written a

treatise on gun-shot wounds, and Dr. Monsey and Hingeston, on this occasion, jointly wrote a highly satirical pamphlet on Ranby, and entitled it “ Killing no Murder, by the author of the treatise on gun-shot wounds ; or, a man’s brains being beat out is no cause of his death.”

I forget by whom it was printed.

It ought to have been mentioned, that Cheselden was surgeon when Dr. Monsey was first *appointed* to the hospital ; he *resided* not till many years after, during which time Cheselden died, and Ranby was appointed to succeed him. Cheselden treated him with great attention and civility ; but was more flattered by having the mechanism of his chariot and the splendor of his equipage admired, than by being told (which was really the case), that he was the first surgeon in Europe. Pope, whom the doctor often saw at his friend’s house, found out this secret, and profited from it, by introducing his name into his epistles, and humoring this blameless feible. The house, carriage, and servants of

Cheselden were always at the poet's disposal.

As age and all its additional cares came on, an asperity of manners and a neglect of decorum was observed in Dr. Monsey; it became the fashion for the young, the delicate, and the gay, to exclaim against him as an interrupter of established forms, and as a violator of those minute rules of good breeding, which, however trifling they may appear to the sage and the philosopher, contribute essentially to the ease and comfort of modern life.

The character which usually passes under the denomination of an oddity has been defined, as a man, who sacrifices the good opinion of others to his own whim and convenience.

Nor can my friend Monsey be wholly exculpated from these charges. In his intercourse with mankind he met with so many trifling and worthless characters, that he was apt to suspect that what *such persons* so much valued was beneath *his* attention; but idle,

fantastic, vain women, and womanish men, always excited in him the most violent emotions of anger and contempt.

He was acquainted with a clergyman of this class, a *near* neighbour, remarkable for puerile and silly behaviour, and very much in the habit of contradicting the doctor, without learning, or even a single idea to support his argument. “If you have any faith in your opinion, will you venture a small wager on it?”—“I could, but I won’t,” was the answer.—“Then you have very little wit, or very little money,” said Monsey.

 more famous for his wheel-barrow amours with the cast-off mistress of a royal duke, and the marked contempt of his wife, who found solace in the arms of the fortunate Irishman, than his military achievements, contributed very much to render the doctor’s situation uncomfort-

 A—d—j—t E—l of C ———a
 hospital.

able. It was owing to the following circumstance :

This hoary veteran, who pretended to reform now he was no longer able to sin, was in a very illiberal manner abusing a friend of the doctor's, in his absence, as a coward and a debauchee, and the doctor for defending him. He instantly silenced the formal, but empty prater, by these words : " You have little right to abuse him for gallantry, for you attempted to debauch his mother ; and, as to his courage, he did not stay at home, whoring and drinking, and get his bones broke in an affray under the Piazzas, while his regiment was cut to pieces in Germany, and then hurry over thither just time enough to hear peace proclaimed, bring home infirmities produced by vice, and boast of them, as the consequence of wounds received in the service of his country.

It was the doctor's misfortune to launch into the boundless ocean of metaphysics, where so many adventurers wander, without rudder, sail, or compass. His voyage pro-

duced the usual return of doubt, uncertainty and disappointment. To those who are infatuated enough to sacrifice their time and attention to such a wild and unprofitable study it may be proper to observe, that in the intervals of cool reflection he confessed a great part of the unhappiness of his life originated from these unavailing perplexities.

As to religion, after long study and much reading, he was a staunch and rational supporter of the unitarian doctrine, and early imbibed an unconquerable aversion to bishops and establishments, to creeds and to tests; but when the "blasphemous Athanasian doctrine" (as he called it) was mentioned, he burst into the most vehement expressions of abhorrence and disgust.

During his abode at Lord Godolphin's he was one fine day riding in Hyde-park with Mr. Robinson, a well-meaning man, who was lamenting the deplorable state of the times, and concluded his harangue with saying, "And, doctor, I talk with people who believe there is *no* God."—"And I, Mr.

Robinson (replied the doctor), talk with people who believe there are *three*." The frightened trinitarian immediately set spurs to his horse, and would never after speak to the author of such a prophane reply.

It has been said that Dean Swift was Dr. Monsey's model; and, as far as ruling the company and guiding the conversation of those with whom he associated, there *was* most certainly a resemblance. In this respect they were both rather tyrannical; for he who seldom meets with his equal, either in parts or power, is too apt to expect deference and submission from *all*.

An axiom of Dr. Monsey's brings to mind a similar, but unfortunate, taste in Swift:

Medico & philosopho indecens.

But Swift, the patriot of Ireland, the lover of laughter, the genius, and the poet Swift, was a rank churchman, with all the bigotted notions of hierarchy and prerogative, excepting when courting temporary popularity. He was a stickler for the infamous Sacheverel; a

tory, with all the narrow bigotry of the party ; an enemy to the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

Swift's religious intolerance I shall not try to prove ; he defended it publicly with his pen, and complimented Archbishop King, for his furious persecutions in the ecclesiastical and other courts for speculative errors in doctrine. His passion for invading the liberty of the press, which he grossly abused himself, bursts out very frequently in his letters. In one he says, he has laid one of his antagonists by the heels at a messenger's ; and for another, he has long had a *sharp knife* and a pillory ready for his ears.

Thank God, such language or such treatment would not be suffered in the present day ; and in a man who abounded in wit and poignant invective, it was mean and ungenerous : it favoured of the *argumentum baculum*, or club law.

The following line is very applicable to Swift, whether basking in the warm sunshine of Harley's favour, or wielding a despotical

sceptre at the head of the chapter of St. Patrick :

“ *Dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi.*”

Doctor Monsey, on the contrary, was a whig, in the true and most liberal sense of the word, who, while he valued his own opinion, did not wish to enslave, or, rather, ensnare, that of another. “ He was a friend to a limited monarchy and a mixed government, but detested those arts which render religion a mere government machine, to torture and perplex the minds of rational and conscientious men ; which deprives them of advantages to which all have a common right, and holds them out to the thoughtless, accommodating herd alone, who determine before they are qualified to examine ; sacrifice conscience to interest, and sit down infamous and contented.”

Among many who admired and respected Dr. Monsey was the late Dowager Lady Townshend, and she was said, as far as was compatible with being a well-bred woman,

which wit sometimes made her forget, greatly to resemble him in conversation. He used to relate a tolerable, or, it may be called, an intolerable reply she made to the late Lord Bath, at the time he was going to be made a peer :

“ I have a pain in my side,” said Mr. Pultney.—“ I do not think you have any side,” answered Lady Townshend.—“ I have a back side,” said Mr. Pultney, in a pet.—“ I do not know that,” said the lady, instantly, “ but every body knows that your wife has ‘one.’”

The patriot had, I believe, married a Miss (or Mrs.) Gumley, with whom Lord Bollingbroke had an intrigue; and an official note is now extant, which he penned in a hurry, without a *table*, in the lady’s bed-chamber, and dated from *a very odd place*.

Sir Robert Walpole knew and valued the worth of his “ Norfolk doctor,” as he called him—he *knew* it, and neglected it.

The prime minister was fond of billiards, at which his friend very much excelled him.

“How happens it,” said Sir Robert, in his social hour, “that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey?” — “They get places,” said the doctor: “I get a dinner and praise.”

The late Duke of Grafton was once mean enough to defer paying him for a long attendance on himself and family, by promising him a little place at Windsor.

“I take the liberty to call on your grace to say, the place is vacant,” said the Chelsea physician.

“Ecod (his grace had not the most harmonious voice, and repeated this *elegant* word in a very peculiar manner), Ecod, I know it! the chamberlain has just been here to tell me, he promised it to Jack ——.”

The disconcerted and never-paid doctor retired; and informed the lord chamberlain what had passed, who said, “Don’t for the world tell his grace: here is his letter he sent me, before he knew that I had promised it, soliciting for a *third person*.”

At one time, when the late ingenious Mrs. Montague was intimate with Dr. Monsey, so much so, that for many years she received from him a poetical compliment on her birthday. Whether from his lines at last not having compliment enough, or from his coolness with Garrick, their acquaintance declined; he was always silent on the subject; though, from what has fallen from *another* person, it was suspected to be owing to an extreme parsimony which has appeared in the lady's conduct ever since she built the magnificent house in Portman-square: a building, certainly in a style of grandeur and expence beyond her fortune, rank in life, and advanced age.*

Dr. Monsey was always strangely infatuated with fears of the public funds, a bugbear that drove him to risk his money on troublesome securities, and ultimately produced heavy

* She was near seventy when the building was began.

losses. He used to speak feelingly (as losers always do) of the villainy of a Welsh parson and a London attorney.

The doctor was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartment, for a place of safety in which to deposit his cash and notes : bureaux and strong boxes he was conscious had often failed in security. Previous to a journey to Norfolk, to visit his brother and friends, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed Bank notes and cash to a considerable amount in that unusual situation, in one corner under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman (as he always called his housekeeper) preparing to treat a friend or two with a cup of tea ; and, by way of shewing respect to her guests, the parlour (or master's sitting-room) fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had not long been lighted, when her master arrived at the critical moment.

When the doctor entered the room here company had scarcely began tea: he ran across the room like a mad man, saying, "D—n your blood, you b—h, you have ruined me for ever; you have burnt all my Bank notes!" First went the contents of the slopbason, then the tea-pot, and then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who in the utmost consternation got out of the way as speedily as possible.

His housekeeper, afterwards Mrs. Marriot, cried out "For God's sake, sir, forbear; you will spoil the steel stove and fire-irons."

"D—n the stove irons! you—your company and all," replied the doctor; "you have ruined and undone me for ever: you have burned my Bank notes."

"Lord, sir," said the half-drowned woman, "who'd think of putting Bank notes in a Bath stove, where the fire is ready laid?"

"And d—n you," said he, "who'd think of making a fire in summer time, where

here has not been one for these several months?"

He then pulled out all the coals and cin-
 ders, and at one corner he found the remains
 of his Bank notes, for, being twice folded,
 one quarter of them so doubled, and wrapped
 in brown paper, were entire, so as to be le-
 gible.

Next day Dr. Monsey went to Lord Go-
 dolphin's, told his lordship the story, pro-
 ducing the remains of the notes, and with
 such energetic gestures in acting the part of
 finding them, as made him ready to burst
 his sides with laughter. He was, however,
 so well pleased, that he told him he would go
 with him to the Bank the next day, and get
 the cash for him through his influence, and
 would be collateral security for the doctor's in-
 tegrity and honesty as to their value.

Lord Godolphin having occasion to see the
 king (George II.) that day on business, told
 his majesty the story of Monsey and his Bank
 notes. Being well acquainted with the doc-
 tor's strange character, the king resolved to

go to Lord Godolphin's next morning, and conceal himself in a closet. When Monsee came, it was agreed that Lord Godolphin should get him to repeat the story, which upon his arrival, Lord Godolphin effected with much difficulty. His majesty was so highly diverted, that, in attempting to stiffen the mirth it excited, and to withdraw unperturbed, the king stumbled, and the closet door opened.

The doctor was much chagrined with Lord Godolphin for running the laugh on him, and just broke out *God*—when his majesty appeared, and, on seeing him, the doctor continued: “Bless your majesty! this may be a joke with you and his lordship, but to me a loss of near 400l.”

“No, no,” replied Lord Godolphin, “for I am ready to go with you immediately and get your notes renewed, or the money for them.”

Lord Godolphin ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet the doctor at the room in the Bank, where some of the directors daily attended.

The doctor being obliged to go to the Horse-guards, on business, took water at Whitehall for the Bank. In going down the river his curiosity excited him to pull out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his Bank notes were safe; when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river.

“Put back, you sons of b——h! G——d——n you, put back—(says the doctor), my Bank notes are overboard! *”

He was instantly obeyed; and, when they reached them, he took the hat from his head and dipped it in the river and took his notes, together with half a hat full of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set on shore immediately. He was landed at the Three Cranes, walked straight to the Bank, and was shewn into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived, and had given notice of Dr. Monsey's coming.

* The doctor was often very vulgar in his expressions.

“What have you under your arm?” said Lord Godolphin.

“The damned notes,” replied the doctor, throwing his hat with the contents on the table, among all their books and papers, arm with such force as made the water fly in the faces of those who were standing near it. “There,” said the doctor, “take the remainder of your damned notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!”

A burst of laughter succeeded on being informed of the last adventure, and the doctor was obliged to repeat the original story over again, with the addition of the water scene.

An order was then made out for the whole amount, on the doctor’s veracity, and Lord Godolphin’s assurance of his integrity and singularity.

All this time the watermen were very noisy for their fare, swearing that the doctor was a mad man; and, when he left the place with Lord Godolphin to return to his carriage, they even laid hold on him, and the doctor was so absent that he entirely forgot

the watermen, and absolutely knocked one of them down with his stick* for insulting him. Lord Godolphin interfered; when he recollected that he came by water, and had not paid them: he gave them a crown to drink for the mistake, and half-a-crown for their fare.

Experience, for which he paid so dear, at last taught him to put as much confidence in *public* as in *private* faith, and he invested property to a considerable amount in the funds.

It was a prevailing opinion that he was avaricious—a charge often bestowed on prudence by the foolish and profuse. If he was so, it was not a principle that pervaded his whole conduct; for I have known him in two instances to burn a bond for 100*l.* which he had advanced to industrious tradesmen, who were able, but would have been distressed, to repay it.

A neighbour of the doctor's, possessed of

* The doctor was near six feet high, and very strong.

a large sinecure, used to be fond of ridiculing him in all companies for his meanness and love of money, though the doctor professed and proved himself a friend on all occasions both to him and his wife. He attended them both at different times, for some years, without a fee being thought of, or offered; and on one occasion at some distance from town when the doctor's chaise-hire cost him seven guineas.

After some time, this *abuser* and *practiser* of sordid actions, sent his friend a ten-pound Bank note, which Dr. Monsey directly returned, saying, "that the attentions of a *friend* cannot be repaid with *money*;" adding, "if he had sent me a piece of plate worth forty shillings, I should have thought myself obliged to him."

The same *friend*, in another instance where the payment of rent for an out-house was to be left to his *generosity*, paid Dr. Monsey thirty shillings a year for what man, who was not his *friend*, used to pay him five guineas per annum.

He was ever ready to advance sums to ass

ist inferior tradesmen, often with very little prospect of ever receiving the money again. Not long before his death he advanced a servant, retiring from a gentleman's service, five hundred pounds, to set him up in business. The tradesman had applied for assistance to his master, a finical, delicate, woman's man, who trembled at a breeze ; he *generously* lent him *twenty pounds*, which he made him repay in a *fortnight*. I have heard the performer of this *generous* action exclaim against the doctor as a miser and a brute.

This "bug with gilded wings" would lavish treble the sum on a squeaking eunuch, or a new furniture for his phæton, in which he was often afraid to ride. "Nature certainly designed him for a woman," said Monsey, in a surly hour, "but was unwilling to disgrace the sex. To chuse a coat, or determine a pattern for his waistcoat, is the tedious, but fatiguing, business of a day. I used to ask him, if he was settling a portion for one of his daughters, or debating on the purchase of an estate."

During a sickness which prevailed in the neighbourhood, he was interdicted all intercourse with this family, by a very serious letter. A correspondence by letter was admitted, but even the *letter* was to pass quarantine for a night and a day, or to be *bleached* (as the doctor used to call it). If he met the family in his post-chaise on the road, the glasses of their coach were carefully and closely shut up, and a waving of hands was the only personal civility that passed between *intimate* friends for seven months.

“ We are afraid of you, doctor ; you come from a sick-room,” exclaimed the *Petit Maitre*.

“ You often make me sick,” said Monsey ;
“ but never afraid.”

Among a number of instances that I have heard of Dr. Monsey’s absence of mind, shall relate one which he frequently mentioned, and laughed at very heartily, when in a good humour, at the same time observing, that his brother was as bad as himself :

The doctor being once on a visit to his brother in Norfolk, in the beginning of winter, and intending to set off for London the next day, his brother proposed to go and shoot wild ducks early in the morning, that he might take two or three couple fresh killed to London with him. The servant had orders to clean the long fowling-piece, get plenty of powder and shot, and to goose-grease their boots. Every thing being in readiness, according to their desire, about an hour before day-light the doctor and his brother set off for the place where the ducks resort, in order to be there by break of day, when they generally take wing to go to feed.

They had walked nearly three miles; and it having rained in the night, the clay-mud wall was very dirty and greasy, when they heard the cry of the ducks. They were now obliged to get over the wall and a gate across a sluice into the marsh, where the ducks were. The rain had raised the water about a foot. It was then proposed that one should go over, and the other remain behind. Says

the doctor, "George, do you go over, for I have forgotten my boots."

"By G—d, doctor, so have I," said his brother, "but we won't lose our sport, as we have come thus far." So both waded through, and got over the gate into the marsh; and advancing along the fleet they at length perceived the ducks.

"You are near enough, George," said the doctor.

"Aye," replied George, "I think we are not above one hundred yards off."

"Why, then, fire," says the doctor.

"Do you fire," returned George.

"Why, I have not got the gun, do you fire."

"I fire! why d—m it, I have not got the gun," said the brother, "I thought you had it. What a fine opportunity is lost! Here are not less than thirty ducks within shot, and neither of us have got the gun!" Thus, after rising very early, walking at least three miles in a most dirty place, along the salt marshes, and wading mid-leg in water above

fty yards; they found that they had both forgot to take the gun, as well as their boots.

As the doctor advanced in years, an irregular stop in his pulse gave him much alarm, and he applied to Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden on the occasion; of the last gentleman's medical skill he had the highest opinion.

They at first concurred with him in supposing that it arose from an ossification of some of the greater vessels of the heart, which is often said to happen in old age; but they afterwards altered their opinion, when it was discovered that this phenomenon occurred only at intervals, observing, very justly, that if the cause had been of so local a nature, the effect would have been permanent and regular.*

His health for twenty years before his death had been subject to frequent attacks; his

* On opening his body, this, however, appeared to be the cause; yet his pulse at times being natural, is still not to be accounted for.

nights were restless and uneasy. This, with some heavy pecuniary losses, before mentioned, and the ill usage of some of his *near* neighbours, visibly soured his temper, filled his mind and conversation with suspicion and acrimony, and his minute attention to economy, which he took no pains to conceal, occasioned his enemies to remark, that he grew too fond of a guinea.

It is a proof that the author of this sketch has no (or very little) pretension to biography, or should before now have observed, that, before he quitted Bury St. Edmund's, he married a widow, with a handsome jointure, who died, and left him one daughter. This lady was married to a gentleman of a reputable mercantile family, in the city, and is now a widow, with a numerous family.

Dr. Monsey was certainly bound to attend to these children by every tie of tenderness and duty, which he fulfilled perhaps to a fault, and has amply provided for them in addition to their father's fortune.

If his parsimony in many instances dege-

nerated into meanness,—if his mode of life was not equal to his fortune, let it be remembered, that he was constantly observing the lamentable effects of dissipation ; that he had the warmest affection for his daughter, a purse always ready to assist the unfortunate, and an amiable reason for his weakness.

It has been observed, that he whom many disapproved, must have some radical effects ; and the doctor not being liked at Chelsea hospital, has been adduced in support of the argument. An economist, and a reformer of abuses is seldom a popular character ; to this another reason may be added : he came to the hospital from a circle of friends of exalted rank, and in general adorned with useful or polite accomplishments.

He was placed in an hospital of invalids, the domestic offices of which, according to the design of the institution, should have been filled by disabled or disbanded officers, as a well-earned retreat for the brave and unfortunate.

The Temple of Jerusalem was meant for a

house of prayer, but converted into a den of thieves ; and Chelsea college (or hospital), which ought to have been devoted to national charity, was overrun by the valets, grooms, or election jobbers of a Fox,* a Russel,† or a Rigby.‡

By this preposterous misapplication of public rewards, a man, by shaving the paymaster general, brushing his coat or shoes, or marrying his cast-off mistress, became the companion of a general, a knight of the bath, a physician, and a divine.

To men sprung from the dregs of society, and frequently elevated for obsequiousness, folly, or vice, ignorant § and self-conceited,

* The first Lord Holland.

† Grandfather of the late and present Duke of Bedford.

‡ Paymaster General, who appoints to all places in the hospital, for the time being.

§ “ So you are one of the *venal* electors of ——,” said Monsey.—“ I never had the disorder in my life,” said the freeman, understanding that the doctor meant *venereal*.

can any one wonder that Dr. Monsey repaid insolence with satirical invective and contempt?

But real and unassuming merit, in the poorest and lowest situations, he treated with good nature and winning familiarity; the gratitude which he experienced from patients of his class, he always spoke of as the most gratifying fee, and he was the last man to arrogate adventitious merit from family connexions.

By way of ridiculing family pride, he used to relate that the first of his ancestors, of *any* note, was a baker and dealer in hops, a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family. To supply an urgent demand, he had robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. A few years afterwards, severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and excessively dear. The hoarded treasure was ripped out of the beds, and a good sum was procured for hops, which, in a plentiful season, would not have

been saleable; “and thus,” said the doctor, “our family *hopp’d* from obscurity.”

He used to speak highly of the late Duke of Leeds, for being divested of this false family pride; and related the origin of the Osborn family from the duke’s own mouth at his table.

“*My* family,” said the duke, “deduced its origin from Jack Osborn, the shop-boy of a pin-maker on London-bridge, in the reign of one of the Henries. The only daughter of his master fell from a window into the Thames: the lad saw her situation, plunged in, and rescued her. Some years after, the young lady had many noble suitors, her father being very rich; but, ‘Jack won her,’ said the old citizen, ‘and he shall wear her.’”

The doctor, in his visits at the duke’s, occasionally saw the late Marchioness of Cambridge, and from her attention to her children, and seeing a woman of her exalted rank making or mending some of the clothes of an infant, to which she had been giving suck, he used to foretel, that she would be a mother.

excellent wife; the event, however, proved that the doctor was mistaken, as she became a too fashionable one.

Dr. Monsey often used to relate an anecdote of the late Duke of Leeds and his shoe-maker, he being present at the time.

His grace, the doctor, and his grace's chaplain, being one morning, soon after breakfast, in his library, Mr. Walkden, of Pall Mall, his grace's shoe-maker, was shewn in with a pair of new shoes for the duke. The latter was remarkably fond of him, as he was at the same time clerk of St. James's church, where the duke was a constant attendant.

"What have you there, Walkden?" said the duke.

"A pair of shoes, for your grace," he replied.

"Let me see them."—They were handed to him accordingly.

The chaplain, taking up one of them, looked at it and examined it well. "What is the price?" asked the chaplain.

“ Half-a-guinea, sir,” said the shoemaker.

“ Half-a-guinea ! what, for a pair of shoes ?” said the chaplain, “ why, I could go to Cranbourn alley and buy a better pair than they ever were, or ever will be, for five and sixpence.”

He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room. Walkden threw the other after it saying, as they were fellows, they ought to go together ; and at the same time replied to the chaplain : “ Sir, I can also go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon for two-pence, than my lord duke gives you a guinea for.”

The duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said, “ That is a most excellent report, Walkden : make me half a dozen pairs of shoes directly.”

It was at the table of the Duke of Leeds (I mistake not), that the Chelsea physician sometimes met Leonidas Glover, who soon afterwards married a lady of an athletic make and constitution, and then made a rural excursion.

“Have you seen Glover since his marriage?” said an acquaintance: “I fear he is lost.”

“No,” said Dr. Monsey, “but I hope he has not perished like his hero, in the straits of Thermopylæ.”

Of Dr. Monsey’s eccentric character the two following circumstances may serve as an example :

One time, when the doctor was coming from his brother’s in Norfolk up to London, in the Norwich coach, during the Christmas holidays, the inside of the coach was crowded with game, as presents from country gentlemen to their friends in town. As there was just room for only one passenger, the doctor would gladly have deferred his departure, although it was on particular business, as there were no living passengers ; but, as they refused at the coach-office either to return his earnest money, or to permit it to stand a part of his coach-hire to town next day, he entered the coach. When day-light appeared, seeing that the game had different assignments,

he thought it better to be doing mischief than nothing at all; therefore, to amuse himself he altered all the directions: the pheasants that were going to my lord, or his grace, were sent to some tradesman. In short, every thing had a different destination from what was originally assigned it. Thus, on the delivery of the parcels, an universal confusion took place, and those who by advice in a letter expected one thing, received another; but the doctor observed, that he always took care to send a good turkey to the tradesman.

The doctor once going along Oxford market observed a poor woman, with a big belly, at a butcher's shop, asking the price of a fine piece of beef. The brute answered the woman, "one penny a pound," thinking, no doubt, it was too good for her. "Weigh that piece of beef," said the doctor.

"Ten pounds and a half," said Mr. Butcher.

"Here, good woman," cried the doctor, "hold up your apron, and take that beef home to your family."

“God bless your honour!”

“Go off, directly—home : no compliments ! Here, Mr. Butcher (says the doctor), give me change out of this shilling for that poor woman’s beef.”

“What do you mean, sir?” replied the butcher.

“Mean, sir ! why to pay for the poor woman’s beef what you asked her,—a penny a pound. Come, make haste, and give me three halfpence : I am in a hurry.”

“Why, sir,”—— said the butcher.

“No why sirs with me,” says the doctor, “give me my change instantly, or I will break your head.” The butcher again began to expostulate, and the doctor struck him with all his force with his cane. A number of butchers had by this time gathered around him. The doctor told the story, and they could not refrain from laughing at their brother steel. The butcher vowed he would summons the doctor before the court of conscience. The latter gave the man his address,

but never got his change, or heard any more of his butcher.

The late Nicholas Kemp, Esq. belonged to the club at Strombolo gardens, with the doctor and twenty other select friends. Mr. Kemp was pressed to sing a song, and, being a little merry, he did to oblige the company. “By G—d,” says the doctor, “your song, Nick, is like the small-pox.”—“How is that?” said the company: “explain, doctor.” “*Why, a good thing over.*”

He was not much in the habit of exercising his pen, either on medical or miscellaneous subjects, for public view.

I have mentioned, that he occasionally amused himself in rhyme; and I have seen a poem, in doggrel verse, in which many humorous sallies and laughable stories occur; but it was not remarkable for cleanness of language, closeness of connexion, or delicate expression. This performance, for a reason I am not acquainted with, he called “Jack Shade,” and it is still extant.

As an excuse for listening to the goddess of nonsense, whom he invoked as his muse, he used to plead long confinement, from the gout *in both his thumbs* : an *unaccountable reason*, I must confess, for seeking, or, at least, being able to *find*, amusement with his pen.

But at the age of eighty-four he addressed a copy of verses to Miss Berry, a young lady who lived at Chiswick : a poetical effort, which Pope himself need not blush to own ; —but who, with the feelings of a man, could behold Miss Berry without love, emotion, and desire ?

Dr. Monsey, as a physician, was of the old Boerhaavian school, and adhered to rules which he used to say he had sanctioned by fifty years trial ; of course, he either knew not, or neglected, the acknowledged improvement of the moderns, both in theory and practice. But Sir George Baker and Dr. Herden can bear witness to the frequency of happy prognostics, his minute and accurate delineations of symptoms, and his undeviat-

ing attention to nature. "Thou, nature, art my goddess," he used to say should be the physician's motto.

The medical authors to whom he paid the greatest deference were Hippocrates, Boerhaave, Friend, Simpson (of St. Andrew's), and Sydenham.

In polite literature, Horace and Juvenal, Swift and Pope, claimed his strongest approbation.

He was highly gratified with the perusal of Gibbon's History, and waited on him to thank him for the pleasure and instruction he had received. The historian received him with politeness; and, after conversing on a variety of subjects, his altercation with Mr. Davis came on the carpet. "Mr. Davis," said Gibbon, "accuses me of not having a sufficient number of books; if he will call any day, *when I am not at home*, the servant shall shew him my library."

Mr. Gibbon entered into the contest with Davis very reluctantly. "I was forced in it," he would say, "but I think it very har-

after declining the massy polemic club of a Horsley, and the fine-edged blade of a Watson, to encounter the rustic cudgel of a Davis."

An account which he wrote of a man, whose body was blistered whenever the sun shone upon it, has been published, with the doctor's successful mode of treatment.

And my medical readers may possibly recollect a description the doctor gave, in some periodical publication, of the case of John Fraine, Esq. at Chelsea: a being marked by fate for a horrible and hideous nervous affection; a family destroyed in their bloom by suicide, and for his own untimely death.

His son, an amiable young man, destroyed himself before his glass in the Temple, soon after his return from his travels, because he hinted to his father, that, as he had *educated* him as a gentleman, he ought to *support* him as one, and received in return abuse and cruelty.

The daughter, the very character drawn by Marmontel in *Agathe*, in the *Connoisseur*,

whose eyes spoke benevolence and love, whose heart was the seat of tenderness and sentiment, put an end to her existence soon after a marriage, into which she was *teazed* into with *one man*, while her heart belonged to *another*.

Not long afterwards, *this father* received a blow on his head, as he was hastily getting out of his coach, of which, in a few hours, he died.

The effects of the disease, described by Dr. Monsey, in the case he published, were, a shocking wolf-like yell, agonizing pain, attended with diabolical distortion of countenance; none of which could be relieved but by the constant application of the hand of an attendant to the upper and back part of his head and nape of the neck, which was in all places, and on all occasions, unceasingly stroked or tapped.

Such an accumulation of personal and domestic calamity, on any *other man*, would have the strongest claim to pity, as his children certainly have to our tears.

The father,* a man of considerable fortune, very much increased it by firmly adhering to *a rule*, which was, never to pay any debt, till obliged to it by a course of law, in which he was so well versed, as to evade or terrify a number (nay, most) of his claimants. It would be severe to say he deserved such evils.†

* The writer of this narrative, in 1768, did business for him; and, after three years promising and refusing to pay the bill, it was left to arbitration. Fraine forfeited two bonds of arbitration of 500*l.* each, as it was given against him, which it would be vain to attempt to get by law; and two other arbitrators were appointed, who being more pliant, and not above accepting a bribe, it was settled arbitrarily. He swore he would throw it into chancery, as, he said, the interest of the money would keep me out of it seven years. I got 127*l.* for a bill of 380*l.* and obliged to take that or none; and he immediately put the bonds in the fire.

† The morning he was to pay me the 127*l.* he and his family set off very early for Bath. I advised with a friend what to do: by his desire I went to Bath, and waited on him in the Pump-room, and threatened to

A particular apartment in Dr. Monsey's house was devoted to mechanics, and displayed a confused collection of pendulums and wheels, nails and saws, hammers and chissels; and, as long as age and sight allowed, he amused himself almost every day in this recess, and was particularly pleased in executing any necessary joiner's work.

It was always his pride to have an excellent watch and a good clock; he possessed a time-piece of great value, and exquisite

arrest him immediately there, as I had an officer ready.—Through fear of being exposed, and Mrs. Fraine's goodness, I got a draft on his banker for a part, and an order to go to two farms in Essex, near Chelmsford, for rent to make up the rest. When I got into Essex, to his farms, for the rent, which I obtained with difficulty, I found he had robbed a widow and six orphanas of them, under pretence of getting it for them gratis, and kept them himself, but never dare go personally to take the rents. The poor creatures were in the work-house, and the parish-officers could never get the farms out of his hands.

workmanship, partly put together by Mr. Barber.

To two of his favourite clocks he had a string, which he could pull as he lay in bed ; and when he could not sleep, which, towards the conclusion of his life was too often the case, it was his amusement to have recourse to his nocturnal companions, and count the tedious hours. A mischievous rogue, just as the doctor was going to bed, put a feather into each of the clocks, and stopped them. In the night, his old friends, in spite of all the doctor's applications, were both silent ; he rung his bell, instantly rose himself, called his servants, and the whole house was in confusion. The remainder of the night was spent in searching for and removing the cause of this misfortune ; but the author of the joke was forbidden his house for ever.

A footman of the doctor's, who had lived with him some time, and could bear his peevishness no longer, desired to be dismissed.

" Why do you leave me ?" said the doctor.
 " Because, to say the truth, I cannot bear

your temper.”—“To be sure,” said the doctor, “I am a little passionate, but my passion is soon over: it is no sooner on than it is off.”

“Yes,” replied the footman, “and its on sooner off than it is on again.”

“Well,” says the doctor, “Robert, if you will go, you must go. You may take the clothes with you for the smart reply, for I will have no more footmen, but get a woman servant extra to help the old woman.”

The doctor being once on a visit to his brother, in Norfolk, in his walks, a few miles from his residence, heard that there was to be a beggar’s wedding not far off; and, being fond of seeing all kinds of life, both high and low, he resolved not to miss the opportunity of being present at so curious a ceremony. That he might be completely satisfied and enjoy the treat, he proposed to his brother to accompany him, in the disguise of a blind fiddler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man. Thus metamorphosed, they walked to the scene of

tion, where the blind fidler was received with shouts of joy. They had plenty of meat and drink, and with the latter plied the fiddler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked their jokes, &c. in a vein of humour highly entertaining to their two guests. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fiddler very handsomely, nor was his man forgotten.

The next day the doctor and his brother walked out, in their usual dress, to the neighbourhood of yesterday's wedding, and found their companions of the preceding evening scattered about on different parts of the road and the adjacent villages, all begging charity, in the most doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among them were some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who were perfectly clearsighted at the feast. The doctor distributed among them what money he had received as his pay, but his

brother, who hated these sturdy vagrants, by whom he was often pestered, told them in what manner he had been present at their yesterday's wedding, and was let into all their roguery, and threatening, if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, to have them taken up and sent to gaol. Upon this the lame once more recovered the use of their legs, and the blind their sight, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

The celebrated Mrs. Pritchard being on visit in Norfolk, frequently attended the Norwich theatre, which has often recruited the London stages. In the next village to the doctor's brother was a fair, and a play was to be acted in a barn. Mrs. Pritchard and some of her acquaintance, with the doctor and his brother, were of the party. They engaged the best seats ; the scenes were made of pasteboard, and the clothes, such as the managers could borrow or purchase. The orchestra was filled with one single Crowdero. The actors were uncelebrated, it is true, but did their best.

Mrs. Pritchard, instead of taking up with such fare as the country afforded, laughed so loudly and incessantly, that the country audience were offended. Some person present happened to know the actress; and the fiddler asking her name, was told she was the great Mrs. Pritchard, of the theatre-royal, in London. "I'll give her a hint presently," said Crowdero, and immediately played the first tune in the Beggar's Opera :

"Through all the employments of life

"Each neighbour abuses his brother," &c.

"Come, let's be gone," said Mrs. Pritchard, "we are discovered : the fiddler is clever." And, as she crossed over the stage to the entrance, she dropped Crowdero a curtesy, and thanked him for his admonition.

The doctor used to say, too much meekness and humility was a fault ; "for," said he, "meekness, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal : whoever hears innocence

maligned, without vindicating it ; falsehood asserted, without contradicting it ; or religion prophaned, without resenting it—is not gentle, but wicked.”

The doctor, as I have before observed, had a most extraordinary good memory, and his age and occupation furnished him with an almost inexhaustible fund of story and anecdote, which, when in a proper humour, he took pleasure in relating. The following is a very remarkable, but true, relation, I have heard him mention many times, as, he said, Sir Hans Sloane and himself visited the man several times.

Two men, of the name of Brightwell, and brothers, were tried at the Old Bailey (the year I forget) for robbing a gentleman on the highway near Hampstead. The prosecutor swore positively against them both ; but, after the evidence had been given against them, one of the Brightwells, who was a grenadier in the footguards, proved by several witnesses that he was upon the King's-guard, at Kensington, at the time the robbery was com-

mitted; whereupon, the court went into an inquiry concerning the character and reputation of the prisoners. Several colonels, majors, captains, and other military officers, appeared in favour of the grenadier, and alleged that they had known him a long time in the service, and testified his sobriety, and diligence in the discharge of his duty as a soldier. As to his honesty, a lady, who was present in court, declared that she had entrusted him with 1000*l.* at a time; and a gentleman also declared, that he had committed his house and goods, to the value of 5,000*l.* or 6,000*l.* to his keeping, in both which trusts the soldier had acquitted himself to satisfaction. These testimonies concurring to the honour of a man in so low a condition of life, greatly surprised the court, and all who were present: but their astonishment was increased, when a clergyman appeared also in the soldier's favour, and declared that he had known him nearly twenty years, and looked upon him to be a man of the fairest character for sobriety, probity, and integrity. "He has often con-

sulted me," said the parson, "concerning difficult passages in Virgil and Homer; for he is an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and well skilled in Roman antiquities; and," says he, "he carries such a share of learning under his grenadier cap, that I firmly believe there is not such another grenadier in the universe."

This clergyman's testimony was corroborated by several others; and the jury, taking the whole into consideration, together with a most remarkable charge from the judge, acquitted both brothers.

It afterwards appeared that the robbery, with which they had been unjustly charged, was actually committed by the famous Jack Shepherd and another.

The unfortunate accusation, however, proved fatal to the soldier, who died soon afterwards of a disorder that he had contracted in gaol; and it was on this account that Sir H. Sloan, the King's physician, and Dr. Monsey attended him. The doctor further observed of this extraordinary soldier, that an officer ap-

peared to his character, but who was not called, having sufficient without him, who gave the following account of him, and which shews his disregard of gain :

He had an excellent manner of cleaning and furbishing arms, for which he was allowed a stated price. This officer, whose arms he had brightened, was so well pleased with his work that he sent him a guinea as a present, over and above the usual price. The soldier took the usual price, but returned the guinea by the servant. Some days afterwards, when the officer saw him, "Why," said he, "would you not accept of the guinea I sent you?"

"I am paid for my work, your honour, and desire no more," replied the soldier.

"Will you accept of a crown, then," said the officer, "if your modesty make you think a guinea too much?"

"Please to excuse me," said the soldier, "and I beg your honour not to think it vanity or affectation when I refuse your kindness; for, indeed, sir, I do not want; but I

am thirsty, and have no money about me, if your honour will please to give me three-pence to drink your health, I shall thankfully accept it."

Dr. Monsey took it in his head one day to pay a morning visit to a brother collegian, who was settled at Hampstead. His friend rejoiced to see him, and pressed him to stay dinner. The doctor consented; but his friend's lady, who was a remarkable economist, disapproved of this; and calling her husband into an adjoining room, began to expostulate with him on the absurdity of asking the gentleman to dine, when he knew she was entirely unprovided. The husband endeavoured to pacify her, by saying it was his fellow-collegian, and he could do no less than ask him to dine; he therefore begged she would compose herself, and hasten to provide something elegant, for there was not a man in the world that he respected more than the friend now come to see him.

This address, instead of mending the matter, made it worse. The lady replied, she

had already got a leg of mutton, and, if he was determined to invite his friends upon such occasions, they should take what she had to give them, for she would not put herself out of the way for any of them.

The gentleman was now provoked beyond patience, and protested, that, if it were not for the respect he had for the friend in his house, he would thrash her.

Dr. Monsey, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little diverted, instantly stopped the dispute, by saying, in his usual gay humour, "Dear sir, as we have been friends so many years, I beseech you not to make a stranger of me, for I am passionately fond of leg of mutton and turnips, and it is to me the finest treat in the world." This he said in a loud tone, so as to be distinctly heard.

The lady, ashamed of the discovery, retired, and appeared no more that day. The dinner was served up, and the doctor and his friend enjoyed themselves peaceably, to their mutual satisfaction.

Dr. Monsey's brother in Norfolk having some law business to transact, wrote to the doctor, desiring him to recommend to him an honest attorney, but, never having occasion to employ one himself, a friend recommended one, who was said to be one of the most upright of the profession. When the business was done, the doctor demanded the bill, and was surprised to find the amount at least three times as great as his brother or himself expected.

The honest attorney assured him, that there was not one article in his bill, but what was fair and reasonable.

"Nay," says the doctor, "here is one of them, I am sure, is not so, for you have set down six and eightpence for going to Leadenhall-street, when I know none of my brother's business lay that way."

"Oh sir," said he, "that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the coach that the worthy gentleman had sent me out of the country as a present."—"D—n your conscience, Mr. Fair and Reasonable!" said the

doctor, "I never employed a lawyer before, and I will take care never to do it again: here, take your money, and get out of my house, or I will kick you out."

The doctor had a particular mode of drawing his own teeth: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of catgut firmly round the affected tooth; the other end of the catgut was, by means of a strong knot, attached to a bullet, with a hole made through it; with this bullet, a pistol was charged, and, when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion was got rid of, and a disagreeable operation evaded.

Though he declared that he never knew this operation attended with any ill consequence, yet he scarcely ever met with any body who would adopt it, notwithstanding his frequent persuasions.

Dr. Monsey, as may be perceived with his intimacy with Mr. Garrick, was fond of plays, and he was also very fond of going to coffee-houses; and I have heard him say, that he went to every coffee-house in and about Lon-

don, chiefly to see and notice the many humorous and motley characters that frequented them. Indeed he visited them, as I may say, critically ; and I have in my possession a MS. comedy, in four acts, of his writing, entitled “ Coffee-house Politicians.” It abounds with wit and humour, but is so exceeding full of the well-known vulgarisms of the doctor’s, that, without a deal of pruning, it would not be fit to appear before the public.

The doctor used to relate the following story, in which he himself had a share :

A jolly parson, a countryman of the doctor’s (Norfolk), who had never before been in London, and himself, were perambulating the streets, and looking at what was most worthy of observation. Feeling themselves hungry, they walked up Ivy-lane to regale themselves at the eating-house there, on a prime rump-steak. As they entered the house, a gentleman in a lay habit went out, but whose general dress announced him to be a parson. The clergyman, whose dress was much the same, and the doctor, took that

side of the table which the supposed parson had just left, and where only another person was seated. This happened to be the profligate Lens, the miniature painter.

The doctor and his friend had no sooner ordered their steak, than this Mr. Miniature-painter said, "I believe that fellow, who is just gone out, is a parson; I wish I had thought on it while he was in your seat, sir (looking at the clergyman); for, of all fun whatever, nothing is so great to me as roasting a parson."

Such a declaration made to a stranger, who appeared likewise to be one of that order, astonished not only the doctor and his friend, but the surrounding company, who, like them, were waiting for their dinners, and rather excited in our clergyman a disposition to roast him.

Perceiving that the eyes of the whole company were fixed upon him, and a profound silence prevailing, he thus began:

"You observed, sir," says he, "that had you known the gentleman who is just gone out

to have been a parson, you would have roasted him ; now, as you have nothing else to do, till your dinner is set before you, I am a parson at your service ; and, while our stealthy broils, I beg you will roast me to gratify your humour, and to entertain the company present ;” adding, that he would take the roasting with that decency and temper which it became one of his cloth to receive the taunts and sneers of those who thought parsonage a fair game.

This was, perhaps, the first time that the impudent miniature painter was ever put to the blush ; in short, he could not spit his meat, much less roast it. The sharp reply from the country parson, together with the doctor’s “ Right well answered, countryman,” and a smile of approbation from the company, struck the impertinent fellow dumb. However, a prospect of something to hide his embarrassment appeared, and that was a fine mackerel, with gooseberry sauce, which was set before him. Before he could put his knife into it, the parson observed, that he never

saw a finer mackerel in his life, and added, that, as his steak was not ready, he would take the liberty of eating a bit of it ; and, accordingly, stripping up half of it to the back bone, he helped himself. “ That’s well done,” says Dr. Monsey ; and this expression and manœuvre of the parson had such a wonderful effect, and produced such an universal burst of laughter through the whole room, that the painter rose, went to the bar, paid for his fish, and left the other moiety for the victorious parson, who, with his friend the doctor, and the rest of the company, enjoyed their dinner in comfort, as well as the occasion of it.

Dr. Monsey being once on a visit to that great and worthy character, the late Sir Walter Blackett, who was distinguished for his uncommon generosity, was witness to the following instance of it :

The doctor was always extremely plain in his dress, and so was Sir Walter. One morning, taking a longer walk than was usual, on moor adjoining to Weerdale, they happened

to arrive at the cottage of a poor shepherd, who, though unknown to Sir Walter, was his tenant. The poor cottager set before his visitors the best fare his frugal house afforded. While they were taking a relish, Sir Walter took occasion to inquire, to whom his cottage belonged. "To one of the best men in the world," replied the man; "to Sir Walter Blackett, sir: no doubt you have heard of him; but these knavish stewards, for three years past, have advanced my rent to almost double the value of my little tenement. I most heartily wish I could have the honour once to see my worthy landlord (for I am told he admits any person to speak to him), I would acquaint him with my ill usage."

Sir Walter smiled, but did not discover himself; and, on their departure, he presented the cottager's wife with a sum of money worthy her acceptance, and soon afterwards ordered the house to be rebuilt, and a considerable abatement to be made in the rent.

At the time when Dr. Monsey was in the firmest habit of friendship with Garrick, there

was seldom a day but they met in company with some other geniuses of the age. They two being once at a tavern with Hogarth, and two others, they were lamenting the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think," said Garrick, "I could make his face," which he did accordingly.

"For heaven sake hold, David!" said Hogarth, "remain as you are for a few minutes." Garrick did so, while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection; and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of *Tom Jones*.

Hogarth afterwards said, "Now, David, as you are in the right humour, and I am in a proper temper, do sit for your picture, and I will take it off in five minutes."

Garrick complied; but, while the painter was proceeding, he mischievously altered his face, with a gradual change, so as to render the portrait entirely unlike. Hogarth blamed himself, and began a second time, but with

the same success. After swearing a little, he began a third time, and did not discover that Garrick had played the trick upon him till the fourth time. Hogarth then found it out, flew into a violent passion, and would have thrown palette, pencils, and brush, at Garrick's head, if he had not made his escape from the variegated storm of colours that pursued him. Nor would the painter be reconciled with his friends who were then present, because they enjoyed the scene, and were highly gratified at his expence.

Dr. Monsey, it was well known, ransacked every corner of the town for a coffee-house. He was not content with those of the city, and the motley set of visitants who daily attended them, bulls and bears, rich and poor, for pleasure or profit, for convenience or curiosity. The latter was generally the doctor's motive, and he always pried round the room to find a new face. If he observed in a particular person any thing extraordinary or eccentric, he would take his seat and his coffee

or chocolate in the same box, contriving, as soon as possible, to enter into conversation with him.

One day, in one of his coffee-house expeditions, he seated himself in a box with a meagre looking man, dressed in a rusty, old black coat, and exhibiting every appearance of a distressed clergyman. The doctor entered into conversation with him, by saying, that by his appearance he presumed he belonged to the church. "Yes, sir," says he, "unfortunately for me, I do belong to it; but many an honest parent has prevented his son from acquiring a fortune behind the counter, to see him starve in a pulpit."

"Very right," replied the doctor, "the folly of bringing up children to a learned profession, without the probability of providing them with a competency, is unpardonable."

The doctor by this time anticipated, in part, the distress of his companion, and begged of him, if he had leisure, to inform him of his present situation; and, although

it was not in his power to help him, he would not fail to report his condition to one who could, and most probably would, as he always took pleasure in assisting the distressed and especially of the cloth. The gentleman began with the following narrative :

“ My father,” says he, “ was a shoemaker of good business, in the city of London, a very honest man, and very much given to reading godly books, whenever he could steal a moment from the lapstone and the last. As I was the only child, he took great delight in me, and used frequently to say, that he hoped in time to see me Archbishop of Canterbury, and no such great matters neither, for, as to my parentage, I was as good as any one that had worn a mitre, and he would make me as good a *scholar* too, or it should go hard with him. My destination to the church was thus unalterably fixed before I was five years old, and, in consequence of it, I was put to a grammar-school in the city ; whence, after a thousand perils of the cane and rod, I went to the university, on an ex-

hibition of fifteen pounds a year, which my father obtained from one of the city companies with no small difficulty.

“ So scanty an allowance would by no means defray the enormous expence of university education ; and my father, whose pride would not let me appear meaner than my companions, very readily agreed to pay me forty pounds a year out of the profits of his trade, and to debar himself many innocent gratifications, in order to accomplish the grand object of all his ambition.

“ In consequence of my father’s desire that I should complete the full term of academical education, I did not go into orders till I was of seven years standing, and had taken the degree of master of arts ; I was, therefore, incapable of receiving any pecuniary emoluments from my studies till I was sixteen and twenty : then, however, I was resolved to make a bold push, and to free my father from the burden of supporting me with the half of the profits of his labours. The old man was eager that I should attempt to

get some kind of preferment, not, as he would often generously say, that he wanted to withdraw his assistance, but that he thought it was high time to look up at the bishopric.

“ I hastened to London, as the most ample field for the display of my abilities, and the acquisition of money and fame. Soon after my arrival in London, I heard of a vacant lectureship; and, though I was an entire stranger to every one of the parishioners, I resolved to trust my cause to honest endeavours, and a sedulous canvas. I shall not trouble you, sir, with an enumeration of the several indignities I suffered (for I had not lost my university pride), from being under the necessity of addressing, with the most abject supplications, chandlers, barbers, and green-grocers. Suffice it to acquaint you, that myself and another young clergyman, of regular education, appeared on the day of election to have but seventeen votes between us; and that a methodistical enthusiast, who had once been a carpenter, bore away the prize, with a majority of one hundred and twenty.

“ Though disappointed I was not dejected ; and I applied to a certain rector for his curacy, the duty of which consisted in reading prayers twice a day, a sermon on Sundays, and innumerable burials, christenings, and weddings. I thought myself happy in being offered forty guineas a year, without surplus or surplice fees ; but how was I chagrined on being told by the rector, on the first Sunday I went to officiate, that I need not trouble myself, as another gentleman had undertaken the whole duty at forty pounds ! .

“ I now waited a considerable time, in hopes something would fall out, but heard of nothing in which there was the least probability of success, unsupported as I was by friends, and unknown to fame. At last I was informed by an acquaintance, that a certain clergyman in the city was about to resign his lectureship, and that he would probably resign in my favour, if I was early enough in my application. I made all the haste I possibly could to reach this gentleman before his resignation, and found very little difficulty in

persuading him to intercede in my favour. In short, his endeavours, joined to my own, secured the lectureship, and I was unanimously chosen. The electors, however, expressed a desire that I would quit my place of residence, which was at a distance, and live in the parish : to this request I consented, and immediately fixed myself in a decent family, where I lodged and boarded at fifty pounds a year ; and, as I was not so ambitious as my father, I congratulated myself on the happy event, and sat down contented and satisfied. But, alas ! how was I confounded when my collectors brought the annual contribution, to find it amount to no more than twenty-one pounds, two shillings, and threepence three-farthings ! I was under the immediate necessity of discharging my lodging, resigning my preferment, and quietly decamping with loss.

“ Thus, sir,” said he, “ have I now, for these twenty years, been tossed about in the world, without any fixed residence, and without any certain prospect of getting my bread.

I must not, however, complain, as I am well assured there are many in this metropolis in situations very similar to mine; yet, sometimes, I own, I cannot help being foolish enough to imagine that I might perhaps have been happier, and I am sure I could have been richer, had I been brought up to my paternal awl and last. My poor father died about two years ago, and I have great reason to think, that disappointment and sorrow for my ill success hastened his dissolution.

“I now support myself tolerably well in the capacity of what the world ludicrously calls a *hackney parson*; and, although I do not receive so much as a journeyman shoemaker, I just make shift to keep soul and body together, and I thank God for that.—If, sir, you could recommend me, here is my address, up four pair of stairs, at ——.” He was proceeding, but he had too powerfully excited the doctor’s sympathy. After consoling him to the best of his power, he asked him to take a beef-steak with him at Dolly’s, and promised to remember him, which, no doubt he did, for,

although he was slow in making a promise, yet he made a point, that, when once made, he never forgot it.

Dr. Monsey, as has been before observed, at last resolved to keep no man-servant. As the last played him a slippery trick, so the one that preceded him was discharged, after living with him about two years, for a reason that reflects credit on the doctor's benevolence and humanity.

A soldier's wife being pregnant with her third child, continued in that state for thirteen years, the doctor was her constant visitor for several years, being always happy in assisting the unfortunate, and especially in extraordinary cases. After that length of time, he advised the woman to let him deliver her. She having often experienced the doctor's kindness, and growing gradually worse, heroically accepted his offer; accordingly, with the assistance of a Mr. Geitle, an eminent surgeon, he undertook this most extraordinary and difficult task, and extracted the fœtus by piece-meal. The woman recovered in six

weeks, and for years continued her ordinary business. On account of her resolution and patience, she often received the benevolence of the doctor, who, after the death of her husband, and when she began to grow old, was more frequent in her visits ; but, I may venture to say, not more frequent than welcome. Although the doctor was parsimonious in general, yet he was liberal to those whom he thought deserving objects.

One morning after breakfast, as he was standing at his window, he observed a decent elderly woman offering a paper to his servant, which the latter at first refused, with seeming insolence ; but the woman pressing him very much, he at last took it. The morning was cold and wet, and the woman kept her station, apparently in anxious expectation. After some time the fellow went to the woman, and returned the paper, with the utmost indifference. The doctor observed the woman all this time, and thought, even at that distance, that it was the soldier's wife ; he,

therefore, threw up the sash, and desired to know the contents of the paper.

The poor woman took courage, and said, “It is a petition, honoured sir, to beg you will please to intercede for me to be a nurse in the house (hospital), as Mrs. ——— is dead, and there is a vacancy.”

“Bring it here, rascal,” said the doctor; “how dare you send any person away without bringing me their petition or message?”

The man, surprised, obeyed.

“Come hither, my good woman,” said the doctor, “I will get you the place you ask, as I think you a very proper person for it;” and putting half-a-guinea into her hand, dismissed her made happy; and he as instantly turned his servant out of doors, with the following written character:—“The bearer has lived nearly two years in my service, in which time he has been frequently drunk, and negligent of his business, but conceiving him to be honest I excused him; but detecting him in a shameful instance of cruelty and injustice, I hereby discharge him for it.”

Dr. Monsey was never fond of parsons ; in general, their ideas, he used to say, were so confined, and likewise so selfish and covetous, that he could not be happy in their company.

The doctor, in one of his excursions into Norfolk, meeting with a brother collegian, who had obtained a small living there, the latter prevailed on the doctor to go to church with him, and take a bit of mutton for dinner with him ; adding, I can give you some good ale, but I have no wine. His text was, the patience of Job, in which he exerted himself mightily. Being deeply impressed with his own discourse, he acknowledged at dinner that he was somewhat choleric, but that hereafter he was resolved to practise himself what he preached to others. “ But, my dear,” says he to his wife, “ go and tap the barrel of best beer : remember the favourite barrel, and give it vent.”

The wife, pleased with his good humour, flew down into the cellar ; but, alas ! the barrel was staved and quite empty. What

could she do?—there was no concealing it. “My dear,” said she, with despair in her eyes, “what a sad accident has happened!”

“I am sorry,” replied the parson, gravely, “if any one has met with a misfortune; for my part, if it relates to me, I am resolved to bear it with christian patience: but, where is the beer?”

“Lackaday! that is the very thing: how it happened, I cannot conceive nor understand, but it is all running on the ground.”

The parson fell into a violent passion.

“My dear life,” says she, “do but reflect on your sermon,—think of the patience of Job.”

“Job!” said he, “don’t talk to me of Job’s patience: Job never had such a barrel of ale in his life!”

“Never mind,” says Dr. Monsey, “as we are friends, let me have a little of your table beer.”

“Aye, we must make shift with that,” said the parson; “it is wholesome, I will assure you, for it is nothing but malt and hops.”

After the doctor had drunk, "The devil a hop or malt either was ever in this," said he : "have you a lemon ? let me squeeze a little into it, and it will then be lemontable (lamentable) beer." The doctor soon left the parson, but enjoyed the oddity of his reception.

Dr. Monsey must be supposed to have had many college acquaintance, and those he selected to keep up acquaintance with, were chiefly of his own turn of mind and disposition. Although he was not fond of the ecclesiastics in general, yet there were some whom he particularly regarded : those were not the rich and the affluent, but merit only obtained his esteem ; and although the doctor had many rich and noble acquaintance, he never despised a poor one, unless he was a bigot or a fool.

It happened that one of the poorer class, who had a small living in Kent, had been up to London, and, among the rest, had paid a visit to Dr. Monsey. The doctor was desirous of a little airing, and therefore resolved to take a ride to Rochester with his old acquaintance,

the parson, to see a friend there. On the road, they overtook a Dean of Canterbury, travelling very slowly in his chariot towards that city. This dignitary was remarkable for holding a great number of church preferments. The parson as he passed bowed most respectfully to the dean, who desired him to stop, and begged he would call at the Mermaid, at Rochester, and order him a dinner to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, and told him he would be honoured with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner.

“For how many?” says the landlord.

“Why,” replied the parson, “I cannot recollect exactly how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Canon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King’s Chaplains.”

Dr. Monsey inquired the cause of his ordering for all those persons, and was told by the parson that the dean held all those plu-

travelties, and he believed one or two more.
 —The doctor and parson proceeded a little further to another tavern and dined ; and soon afterwards the parson took his leave of his friend, and set off home, as he had a considerable distance to go, and was afraid of being benighted.

The doctor immediately set off to the Mermaid to enjoy the miserly dean's surprise. The landlord had made ample provision for the numerous guests he thought he was going to entertain. Accordingly, when the dean arrived, a large table was set out and the cloth laid. "How's this?" cries his reverence; "you have most certainly shewn me into the wrong room: this surely is intended for a large company."

"An please your honour," replied the landlord, "Parson Singlechurch called here about two hours ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Canon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King's Chaplains, and two or three more, whose

names I forget ; and so I thought, an please your honour, I'd get enough."

The dean now smelt the rat : " Oh, very well," coolly answered the dean, who by this time had recollected himself, " I should have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have staid and dined with me to-day, but entirely forgot it, and all my other friends are engaged, so I must dine alone ; and only send me up a small joint, a fowl, and a good plain pudding."

The doctor, who dearly loved fun, or a smart repartee, was one day riding with his servant in his own county (Norfolk), and stopt at a village. Seeing the inn-keeper at the door, who bowed to him very graciously, he said, he wanted some tea, and added, " I suppose, since the commutation act, instead of eightpence, you can give me plenty of home-baked bread, with good Norfolk fresh butter and cream, for sixpence."

" You had better have added half a dozen new laid eggs into the bargain," said the publican ; " but alight, and walk in, sir."

He did so, and the host led him into a large room, where all the windows were plastered up. "Now, sir, if you are willing to pay for candles, I will agree to supply you for the proposed sum."

The doctor enjoyed the reply as well as the joke, and stopped the whole night and the next day with him.

A day or two afterwards, riding over some downs, he observed a shepherd tending his flock with a new coat on. "Harkee, friend," said the doctor, "who gave you that coat?"

The shepherd (taking him for a parson, as he was dressed in black) replied, "The same that clothed you—*the parish*."

The doctor, highly pleased with the answer, rode on a little way, and then desired his man to go back, and ask the shepherd if he wanted a place, as he wanted a fool.

The servant went and delivered his message. *Why, are you going away?* said the shepherd. "No," answered the servant.—
 'Then tell your master,' replied the shep-

herd, "*that his living, I am sure, cannot maintain three of us.*"

This answer being brought to the doctor, he despatched the fellow off again to the shepherd, with a crown for the joke.

The doctor often used to relate a story of an old friend and acquaintance, and, if I mistake not, a brother collegian, a physician, who, the doctor said, advised him by all means not to marry, especially a second time, when he was advancing in years, as there are more ways for a woman to torment her husband, than being jealous of him. But, to go on with the story; as the doctor said, I will repeat his own words:

"The earlier part of my life (says he), I spent at college, in the study of physic, and, I don't know why, acquired the character of a learned fellow. When I arrived at the age of forty, a vacancy happening in the neighbourhood of the place of my birth, I was invited by my uncle to take upon me the infirmities of all the folks within the circle of twenty miles. Before I set out, I ordered our

college barber to make me what the wags call a lion, or a pompey, literally nothing more than a good physical wig, under the shadow of which, by the assistance of a handsome cane, properly applied to the immovable muscles of my face, and a few very significant shrugs, and solemn nods, I soon acquired the reputation of an eminent physician ; fees came in a pace, so that in the course of twenty years I had saved more money than I really knew what to do with.

“ Whether it was on account of my person, my learning, or my money, I cannot say, but a lady of the neighbourhood became exceedingly enamoured of something belonging to me. I was not so blind as not to perceive my conquest, for she would often come and spend a week with me. In short, I married her : I was past the years of discretion, and so I married her. Oh what a condescension in a lady of her family, rank, and fashion in life !

“ As for age, indeed, she was but six years younger than myself ; and her fortune, if she

ever had any, she had spent it; and yet I was such a fool as to be convinced, that she was conferring the greatest of obligations on me.

“No sooner did she take upon herself the management of my family, than adieu, for ever, to order, peace, and comfort. She began by discharging poor Jonas, because he made so queer a figure in a long queue and white stockings, which she insisted on his wearing, that the poor fellow could not help laughing at himself.

“My old wig was discarded the same day with Jonas. I must confess, that it did grow the worse for wear: I had, you must know, retained it in my service purely from the reflection, that the older it grew the less occasion it had for combing. A new wig was immediately put on the stocks, with a feathered top and a forked tail; and since that time I am never suffered to stir out, let the occasion be ever so pressing, before it is combed and powdered; and our prig of a new footman is so long in curling and twisting, turning and

tickling it up, that a score of patients have expired, and the fees been lost, before I have been able to set out to receive them.

“ My snuff-coloured suit had been reinstated every other year from a pattern that had been left in the hands of my honest taylor : this poor fellow was also forbidden the house, because, according to my directions, he had made my clothes as I liked them, to sit easy ; and a more fashionable operator was charged with making a new suit, with gold button-holes. He made them to fit so exactly, that I dare not bring my hands to meet before me, without fear of laying open my spinal bone. My hat is not to be flapped any more, even though the sun shines full in my face ; and I am no longer suffered to wash my face, according to my custom every morning, at the pump in my back yard, though nothing was more refreshing ; or my hands, which I used to wipe on a coarse towel, behind my kitchen door.

“ On my returning home the other day from visiting a patient, I found my maid had set

my study to rights, as she called it; but the confusion that this regularity has occasioned, is almost inconceivable. My toe-pin, my shoe-horn, my tobacco-stopper, are lost for ever; my papers are so discomposed, that I do not know where to find any thing I want. Two pair of old Manchester velvet breeches, that were on the back of a chair, have disappeared; and, instead of my easy slippers, made from an old pair of shoes, I found a new pair of red leather, with white stitches round the edges, and which fit so close that I cannot walk in them. My woollen night-cap is condemned along with my brown hose to the vile purpose of rubbing the grates and fenders; and my wife insists on my wearing a linen one, flounced on all sides, and adorned with a black ribband, tied at the top. I took such a violent cold the first night, that it brought a defluxion of humours in my eyes, which very nearly deprived me of my sight.

The staircase and floors are all waxed, to save the expence of mops; indeed, but I

have had such falls, that have dislocated almost every joint about me; and my neck is stretched out in such a manner, that I am fearful of having my throat cut with the paste-board rolled within my cravat. When I remonstrate on any of these articles, she stops my mouth with a kiss, and says, "My dear angel, we must have some little regard to appearances."

"She is, as I told you, six years younger than myself; yet, she dresses, she dances, and she drives about, as if she was but twenty-five. My old blacks are condemned to the cart, and we have now a pair of nag-ailed bays: this, however, and much more, I could bear, for I deserve it—I am content. She shall consume thirty-six yards more than my old maid, Hester, in the snippings of her gown; she may play a shilling a fish at quarrille; she may do, aye, she may do just what she pleases—let me have but my study to myself, and my night-cap and slippers restored, and I will also submit to wear my new coat and the wig every Sunday."

Such, with all his foibles, was Dr. Monsey ; but now the time was rapidly approaching when infirmity clouded his faculties ; garrulous old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance, succeeded to that gaiety and wit which had very often set the table in a roar, and to those sallies of ironical sarcasm, which no “ *power of face* ” could resist.

He had far exceeded the age of man ; the accomplishment of his century was near at hand ; and he declared, in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that he had out-lived his pleasures and his friends.

The world was to him a desert ; he was, in a degree, a stranger and alone, and, to use his own words, he was tired of life ; but, like many fools and philosophers, afraid to die. His time was now come ; the candle had burned to the socket ; the wick extinguished, and he died without a groan.

Many have ridiculed and censured that part of his will which directed his body to be sent to the anatomist after his death ; but his reason for this injunction was plausible and just.

In the course of his practise he had often and strenuously recommended the opening the bodies of patients, who had died of remarkable complaints : a conduct for which he had been grossly abused by the ignorant and uninformed. He had, therefore, always determined to convince his enemies, that what he had so frequently advised for his patients, he was very willing to have performed on himself; and this particular in the life of Dr. Monsey may, perhaps, afford not an unprofitable lesson to young and enterprising men of genius and learning.

Endowed with strong discernment, possessed of an extraordinary share of knowledge, both of books and men, his genius took a satirical turn, and attempted to correct enormity, to reform the abandoned, the vain, and the impertinent.

Dr. Monsey had strong passions, pointed wit, and a lively imagination; his curiosity was ardent, insatiable, and very often troublesome; but then his communication was

rapid, copious, and interesting. He possessed a vein of humour, rich, luxuriant, and, as is the nature of *all humour*, sometimes gross, and often inelegant. His wit was not the keen, shining, well-tempered weapon of a Sheridan, a Courtney, or a Burke; but, if it may use the metaphor, it was rather the irresistible massy sabre of a Russian Corsair, which, at the same time that it cuts down by the sharpness of its edge, demolishes by the weight of the blow.

To these qualities were added, deep penetration and an incredible memory, which was a store-house of anecdote—a reservoir of good things. His faults he could not, or would not, conceal; they were prominent: a vitiated taste, a neglected dress, unseemly deportment, and often disgusting language.

His treatment of the established clergy, who neither gave or received quarter from him, was unforgiving, and by no means liberal; yet, after all, let not the courtier, the philosopher, or the christian, be too sure,

hat, situated and used like Dr. Monsey, he would have acted a different part, or quitted the scene with more approbation.

His will, as might be expected, had a picture of the traits and oddities of his life. He left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about 16,000*l.* to his daughter for her life, and afterwards gives it, by a long and complicated entail, to her *female* descendants. He also mentions a young lady, with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, and bequeaths her an old battered snuff-box, scarcely worth sixpence.

He mentions another young woman, to whom, he says, he meant to have left a legacy; but discovering her to be a pert, coquettish minx, with as many silly airs as a fool-woman of quality, he was induced to alter his mind.

He bequeaths his body for dissection; an velvet coat to one friend, and the buttons to another; inveighs most vehemently against bishops, deans, and chapters; and gives annuities to two clergymen, who had resigned

their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine.

The doctor used to say, when talking of Oliver Cromwell (and which he frequently did), that, for his part, he was ready to forgive him all his sins against his country for his magnanimity in that memorable saying, “ I hope to render the English name as great and formidable as ever the Roman was.”





The Manuscript
Here lies my old Limb
For I've lived much
As for Church-yards & Gro
It is a rank piece of
In short I despise the
Which may mount the
I think, that it ~~is~~ is
From the God of man
What the next world
Is not better than this
When bodies of mill
To let the old farc

written by himself
my vexation now ends,
longer for myself & my friends.
I, which the Parsons call
heraft & founded on folly,
as for my soul, I
lest I lay to my bones from the
ly hath nothing to fear
d: whom I truly revere:
be, never troubles my (Pate)
Rescue thee? Oh! Fate
thy up in a riot
of Monsey lie quiet,

